

11783 d/73



Judas Macchabæus,

A

SACRED DRAMA.





Dramatis Personæ,

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

SIMON, *his Brother.*

CHORUS *of Israelitish Men and Women.*





JUDAS MACCHABÆUS,

A Sacred Drama.

P A R T I.

CHORUS of *Israelites*, Men and Women, lamenting the
Death of *Mattathias*, Father of *Judas Macchabæus*.

MOURN, ye afflicted Children, the Remains
Of captive *Judah*, mourn in solemn Strains ;
Your sanguine Hopes of Liberty give o'er ;
Your Father, Friend, and Hero is no more.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

Well, Brethren, may your Sorrows flow
In all th' expressive Signs of Woe :
Your softer Garments tear,
And squalid Sackcloth wear ;
Your drooping Heads with Ashes strew,
And with the flowing Tear your Cheeks bedew.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Women.

Daughters let your distressful Cries,
And loud Lament, ascend the Skies ;
Your tender Bosoms beat, and tear
With Hands remorseless your dishevel'd Hair :
For pale and breathless *Mattathias* lies ;
Sad Emblem of his Country's Miseries !

(4)

D U E T.

From this dread Scene, these adverse Pow'rs,
Ah! whither shall we fly?
O *Solyma*! those boasted Tow'rs
In smoaky Ruins lie.
Ah! whither shall we fly?

C H O R U S.

For *Sion* Lamentation make,
With Words that weep, and Tears that speak.

R E C I T A T I V E.

S I M O N.

Not vain is all this Storm of Grief;
To vent our Sorrows gives Relief.
Wretched indeed! But let not *Judab*'s Race
Their Ruin with desponding Arms embrace.
Distractful Doubt and Desperation
Ill become the chosen Nation,
Chosen by the Great *I AM*,
The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,
We trust, will give attentive Ear
To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

A I R.

Pious Orgies, pious Airs,
Decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His Pity, and regain his Love.

C H O R U S.

O Father, whose Almighty Pow'r
The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas, adore!
The Hearts of *Judab*, thy Delight,
In one defensive Band unite.

Oh!

(5)

Oh! grant a Leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

R E C I T A T I V E.

S I M O N.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright *Cherubim* between,
His radiant Glory erst display'd:
To *Israel's* distressful Pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious Ear,
And points out *Macchabæus* to their Aid.
Judas shall set the Captive free,
And lead us on to Victory.

A I R.

Arm, arm, ye Brave! a noble Cause,
The Cause of Heav'n, your Zeal demands:
In Defence of your Nation, Religion, and Laws,
The Almighty *Jehovah* will strengthen your Hands.

C H O R U S.

We come, we come, in bright Array,
Juda, thy Sceptre to obey.

R E C I T A T I V E.

J U D A S.

'Tis well, my Friends. With Transport I behold
The Spirit of our Fathers, fam'd of old,
For their Exploits in War. Oh may *their* Fire
With active Courage *you* their Sons inspire!
As, when the mighty *Joshua* fought,
And those amazing Wonders wrought,
Stood still, obedient to his Voice, the Sun,
'Till Kings he had destroy'd, and Kingdoms won.

A 3

A I R.

(6)

A I R.

Call forth thy Pow'rs, my Soul, and dare
The Conflict of unequal War :
Great is the Glory of the conqu'ring Sword,
That triumphs in sweet Liberty restor'd.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

To Heav'ns Almighty King we kneel
For Blessings on this exemplary Zeal.
Bless him, *Jehovah* ! bless him, and once more
To thine own *Israel* Liberty restore.

A I R.

O Liberty ! thou choicest Treasure,
Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleasure ;
Life without thee knows no Blessing,
No Endearment worth caressing.

A I R.

Come ever-smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train ;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal Pleasures reign.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

These noble Views, O *Judas* ! shall inspire
Our eager Souls with *thy* Heroick Fire.

A I R.

'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
That gives fresh Beauty to the Sun ;
That makes all Nature look more gay,
And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away.

CHORUS.

(7)

C H O R U S.

Lead on! lead on! *Judab* disdains
The galling Load of hostile Chains.

R E C I T A T I V E.

J U D A S.

So will'd my zealous Father, now at rest
In the eternal Mansions of the Blest.

“ Can you behold, said he, the Miseries

“ In which the long-insulted *Judab* lies?

“ Can ye behold their dire Distress,

“ And not, at least, attempt Redress? —

Then faintly, with expiring Breath, —

“ Resolve, my Sons, on Liberty, or Death.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompanied.*

We come—Oh see! thy Sons prepare
The rough Habiliments of War,
With Hearts intrepid, and revengeful Hands,
To execute, O Sire! thy dread Commands.

S E M I - C H O R U S.

Disdainful of Danger, we'll rush on the Foe,
That thy Pow'r, O *Jehovah*! all Nations may know.

R E C I T A T I V E.

J U D A S.

Ambition! If e'er Honour was thine Aim,
Challenge it here: — — —

The glorious Cause gives Sanction to thy Claim.

A I R.

No unhallow'd Desire
Our Breast shall inspire,

Nor

Nor Lust of unbounded Pow'r;
 But Peace to obtain;
 Free Peace let us gain,
 And Conquest shall ask no more.

C H O R U S.

Hear us, O Lord! on Thee thy Servants call,
 Resolv'd on Conquest, or a glorious Fall!



P A R T II.

C H O R U S.

FALL'N is the Foe.—So fall thy Foes, O Lord,
 Where warlike *Judas* wields his righteous Sword!

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

Victorious Hero! Fame shall tell,
 With her last Breath, how *Apollonius* fell,
 And all *Samaria* fled, by thee pursu'd,
 Through Hills of Carnage, and a Sea of Blood;
 While thy resistless Prowess dealt around,
 With their own Leader's Sword, the deathful Wound.
 Thus too the haughty *Seron*, *Syria's* Boast,
 Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd Host.

A I R.

So rapid thy Course is,
 Not numberless Forces
 Withstand thy all-conquering Sword;
 Though Nations surround thee,
 No Pow'r shall confound thee,
 Till Freedom again be restor'd.

R E C I-

(9)

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

O let eternal Honours crown his Name!
Judas! first Worthy in the Rolls of Fame,
Say, " He put on the Breast-plate as a Giant,
" And girt his warlike Harness about him.
" In his Acts he was like a Lion,
" And like a Lion's Whelp roaring for his Prey." *

A I R

From mighty Kings he took the Spoil,
And with his Acts made *Judab* smile;
Judab rejoiceth in his Name,
And triumphs in her Hero's Fame.

D U E T *and* C H O R U S.

Hail, hail *Judea*, happy Land!
Salvation prospers in his Hand.

R E C I T A T I V E.

J U D A S.

Thanks to my Brethren—But look up to Heav'n;
To Heav'n let Glory, and all Praise be giv'n;
To Heav'n give your Applause,
Nor add *the Second Cause*,
As once your Fathers did in *Midian*,
Saying, *The Sword of God and Gideon*.
It is the Lord who for his *Israel* fought,
And this our wonderful Salvation wrought.

A I R.

How vain is Man, who boasts in Fight
The Valour of Gigantick Might,
And dreams not that a Hand unseen
Directs and guides this weak Machine!

R E C I-

* Maccab. iii. 3. &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Messenger.

O *Judas* ! O my Brethren !
New Scenes of bloody War
In all their Horrors rise.

Prepare ! prepare !

Or soon we fall a Sacrifice.

To great *Antiochus* : From th' *Egyptian* Coast
(Where *Ptolomy* hath *Memphis* and *Pelufium* lost)

He sends the valiant *Gorgias*, and commands
His proud victorious Bands
To root out *Israel's* Strength, and to erase
Ev'ry Memorial of the *Sacred Place*.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Ah ! wretched, wretched *Israel* ! fall'n how low !
From joyous Transport to desponding Woe.

R E C I T A T I V E.

S I M O N.

Be comforted : — Nor think these Plagues are sent
For your Destruction, but for Chastisement.
Heav'n oft' in Mercy punisheth, that Sin
May feel it's own Demerits from within,
And urge not utter Ruin. — Turn to God,
And draw a Blessing from his Iron Rod.

A I R.

The Lord worketh Wonders,
His Glory to raise,
And still as he thunders,
Is fearful in Praise.

R E C I -

(II)

R E C I T A T I V E.

J U D A S.

My Arms! — Against this *Gorgias* will I go —
The *Idumean* Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his Design,
While Rage *his* Leader, and *Jehovah* mine.

A I R.

Sound an Alarm! — Your Silver Trumpets found,
And call the Brave, and only Brave, around!
Who listeth follow — To the Field again —
Justice with Courage is a thousand Men.

C H O R U S.

We hear, we hear, the pleasing dreadful Call,
And follow thee to Conquest; — If to fall, —
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.

}

R E C I T A T I V E.

S I M O N.

Enough — To Heav'n we leave the rest. —
Such gen'rous Ardour firing ev'ry Breast,
We may divide our Cares. — The Field be thine,
O *Judas*! and the *Sanctuary* mine.
Lo, *Sion*, holy *Sion*, Seat of God,
In ruinous Heaps is by the Heathen trod:
Such Profanation calls for swift Redress,
If e'er in Battle *Israel* hopes Success.

A I R.

With pious Hearts, and brave as pious,
O *Sion*! we thy Call attend,
Nor dread the Nations that defy us,
God our Defender, God our Friend.

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

Ye Worshipers of God!
 Down! down with the polluted Altars, down!
 Hurl *Jupiter Olympus* from his Throne!
 Nor rev'rence *Bacchus* with his Ivy Crown,
 and Ivy-wreathed Rod.
 Our Fathers never knew
 Him or his beastly Crew,
 Or, knowing, scorn'd such Idol Vanities.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

No more in *Sion* let the Virgin Throng,
 Wild with Delusion, pay their nightly Song
 To *Astarteth*, yclep'd the *Queen of Heav'n*:
 Hence to *Phœnicia* be the Goddess driv'n!
 Or be she with her Priests and Pageants hurl'd
 To the remotest Corner of the World!
 Ne'er to delude us more with pious Lies.

D U E T.

O never, never bow we down
 To the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone;
 But ever worship *Israel's* God,
 Ever obedient to his Nod. [Da capo.

C H O R U S.

We never, never will bow down
 To the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone; — }
 We worship God, and God alone.



P A R T III.

Israelitish Priest. [*having recovered the Sanctuary, &c.*

A I R.

Father of Heav'n! from thy eternal Throne
Look with an Eye of Blessing down,
While we prepare with holy Rites
To solemnize the Feast of *Lights*;
And thus our grateful Hearts employ,
And in thy Praise
This Altar raise
With Carols of triumphant Joy.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

See, see yon Flames, that, from the Altar broke,
In spiry Streams pursue the trailing Smoke!
The fragrant Incense mounts the yielding Air;
Sure Prefage that the Lord hath heard our Pray'r.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

O grant it Heav'n! that our long Woes may cease,
And *Judab's* Daughters taste the Calm of Peace;
Sons, Brothers, Husbands, to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at Home, or havock'd in the War.

A I R.

So shall the Lute and Harp awake,
And sprightly Voice sweet Descant run,
Seraphick Melody to make,
In the pure Strains of *Jesse's* Son.

Israelitish.

Israelitish Messenger.

From *Capharselama*, on Eagle Wings I fly,
 With Tidings of impetuous Joy.—
 Came *Lyfias* with his Host, array'd
 In Coat of Mail; their massy Shields,
 Of Gold and Brass, flash'd Light'ning thro' the Fields;
 While the huge tow'r-back'd Elephants display'd
 A horrid Front: But *Judas*, undismay'd,
 Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rageful train.
 Nor could the bold *Arabians* save
 Their Chief, *Timotheus*, from a Coward's Grave.—
 Yet more—*Nicanor* is with thousands slain;
 The blasphemous *Nicanor*, who defy'd
 The Livid God, and in his wanton Pride
 A Monument ordain'd
 Of Vict'ries yet ungain'd:
 But lo! the Conqueror comes; and on his Spear,
 To dissipate all Fear,
 He bears the Vaunter's Head and Hand
 That threaten'd Desolation to the Land.

CHORUS of YOUTHS.

See the conqu'ring Hero comes,
 Sound the Trumpets beat the Drums.
 Sports prepare, the Laurels bring,
 Songs of Triumph to him sing.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

See the Godlike Youth advance,
 Breathe the Flutes and lead the Dance,
 Myrtle Wreaths, and Roses twine
 To deck the Hero's Brow divine.

First CHORUS repeated.

See the conqu'ring Hero, &c. *as before.*

CHO-

C H O R U S,

Sing unto God, and high Affections raise,
To crown this Conquest with unmeasur'd Praise.

R E C I T A T I V E.

JUDAS.

Sweet flow the Strains that strike my feasted Ear.—
Angels might stoop from Heav'n, to hear
The comely Songs ye sing
To *Israel's* Lord and King.—
But pause awhile — due Obsequies prepare
To those who bravely fell in War.—
To *Eleazar* special Tribute pay. —
Through slaughter'd Troops he cut his Way
To the distinguish'd Elephant, and whelm'd beneath,
The deep-stabb'd Monster, triumph'd in a glorious
[Death.]

A I R.

With Honour let Desert be crown'd,
The Trumpet ne'er in vain shall sound,
But all attentive to Alarms,
The willing Nations fly to Arms,
And, conquering or conquered, claim the Prize
Of happy Earth, or far more happy Skies.

EUPOLEMUS. [The *Jewish* Embassador to *Rome*.

Peace to my Countrymen, — Peace and Liberty. —
From the Great Senate of Imperial *Rome*
With a firm League of Amity I come :
Rome, whate'er Nation dare insult us more,
Will rouse, in our Defence, her Vet'ran Pow'r,
And stretch her 'vengeful Arm, by Land or Sea,
“ To curb the Proud, and set the injur'd free.

CHO-

(16)

C H O R U S.

To our great God be all the Honour giv'n,
That grateful Hearts can send from Earth to Heav'n!

RECITATIVE. *Israelitish* Woman.

Again to Earth let Gratitude descend. —
Praise-worthy is our Hero, and our Friend. —
Come, my fair Daughters, choicest Art bestow,
To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow;
And in your Songs for ever be confess'd
“ The Valour that preserv'd, the Pow'r that bless'd;
Bless'd you with Hours that scatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundless Joy.

D U E T T.

O lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd!
Come spread thy Blessing all around;
Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
And Vallies smile with wavy Corn;
Let the shrill Trumpet cease, nor other Sound,
But Nature's Songsters, wake the chearful Morn.

A I R and C H O R U S.

S I M O N.

Rejoice. O *Judab*! and in Songs Divine
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

Hallelujah, &c.

F I N I S.



